

APPENDIX C

THE OLD NORTH STATE

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessing attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her;
Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! hurrah! the Old North State forever!
Hurrah! hurrah! the good Old North State!

Though she envies not others their merited glory,
Say, whose name stands the foremost in Liberty's story?
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission?

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster
At the knock of the stranger or the tale of disaster?
How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,
With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains!

And her daughters, the queens of the forest resembling,
So graceful, so constant, yet to gentlest breath trembling,
And true lightwood at heart, let the match be applied them,
How they kindle and flame! Oh, none know but who've tried
them.

Then let all who love us, love the land that we live in
(As happy a region as on this side of Heaven),
Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace, smile before us;
Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-thrilling chorus!

— WILLIAM GASTON.